

Tis Merrie vwhen
Gossips meete.

NEWLY ENLARGED,
With diuers merry Songes,
sung by a Fidlers Boy.



LONDON,
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are to be



In Commendations of this Booke.

I Cannot tell how others will thee like,
But my conceit is, thou art passing wittie:
No viperous tongue thy pleasant vaine will strike;
And if they should (in faith) the more t'were pittie.
Thou medlest not with VVives which ciuill bee,
But VViddowes wanton; Maydes of mean'st degree:
VVhat reason then haue Enuiours, ennie thee?

Thou art not seated in a sumptuous Chaire,
Nor do thy Lines import of Maiesly:
Thy Table is not deck't with costly fare:
Thy Seruants at a call, Anon will crie.
Indeed thy drinke is (Spirit, Vigor, Life,
No spurre to enuy, nor no prop for Strife)
Good VVine, which cheare's a VViddow, Mayde, or wife

Thou art not thwack't with Bawdy riball stuffe,
Nor doost thou touch in ought a Vertuous creature:
Thou need'st not care though Vice at thee do snuffe,
For ious man is like a fiery Meature,
Whose flames farre off a terror to the eye,
Whose flash of Lightning soone doth dye:
Of Myrth, and not of hate, art framed.
Thy friendly meaning is not thou named.





Tis merry when Gossips meer.

The Conference.

Good den good Coussen; Iesu, how de'e do?
Vhen shall we eate another *Dagger Pie*?
 You are a stranger, Christ when met we two?
 I Muse you do not call as you go by:
Vhat lucky businesse pra'y hath brought you hither,
 That we should meet at *Taerne-doo*re together?

Widdow.

In truth (kind Couffe) my comming's from the *Pawne*,
 But I protest I lost my labour there:
A Gentleman promist to giue me *Lawne*,
 And did not meet me, which he well shall heare.
 Some lets may happen in the way vnknownne:
 He hath been hindred, that's to bide vpon.

Wife.

Widd

Vhy how now *Besse*? to passe vnseene doost think
 Where go'st my wench? *Bes*: To see my brother *Steu*
Heer's *VViddow, Wife*, and *Mayde*: Elayth let's d
 A parting Pint, and so God make vs euen:
 Slip in Good Cousser
 One pinte of kind

Tis merry vwhen

Wife. No in good faith : Introth I must away,
Mayde. My husbands forth, our shop must needs be tended,
My Mother's gone to Church, I cannot stay,
If I be found from home, shee'le be offended:
Widdow. Ile lead the way my selfe : Lord, here's a life,
I know these shifts since I was Maide and ~~W~~Wife.

Widdow. Where shall we be? (*Vint.*) I pray go vp the staires,
Wife. Good Coussen no, let's take it standing heere.
Widdow. Beshrew me then, where euery one repaires,
Ile none of that, wee le haue a roome my deere:
Wife. Come, you looke that I should be your leader,
Couffe, that's because you are a nimble treader.

Vintner. Y're welcome Gentle-women; what Wine drinke ye?
Widdow. Al's one to me : what say you Mistris Besse.
Wife. What wine's the best for our complexions thinke ye?
Vintner. I haue no Physicke, (*Wife*) yet good brother gesse?
Why ha'st good Clarret? (*Vint.*) the best in London.
Either fill good be briefe, or leau't vndon.

Heere Gentlewomen, this is neat and pure,
tast it Couz, you know good Wine and Beere.
Lord, good Lord, that you grow so demure:
How come we heere?
and Mistris Besse,
no lesse.

[Tis

Golsips meere.

Tis pretty wine in truth: nay fill your Cup,
Wee'le haue no pingling now we are alone,
If heere were men, I would not drinke it vp
For twenty pounds my selfe? but now al's one:
Sometime wet lip, and smell the Wine's enuffe,
And leese a kisse, rather then marre our Ruffe.

But now let's barre dissembling to be merry,
And in good earnest entertaine our Wines;
This touch, and taste, makes the senses weary,
What reason now wee should be foolish fine?
No Louers nor no Suters heere, that sees it,
We haue good time and liquor, let's not leese it.

Content (say I) nay *Besse* Ile be thy skinker.
In truth (forsooth) a full Cup doth excell:
Good Lord, I am become a mighty drinker.
Another Pint; the fellow vs'd vs well.
I by my troth, the wine is good in truth:
Fill tother Pint. (*wid*) Prethee go right sweet youth.

wife.

Mayd.

Widdow.

wife.

Now Couffe, heere's to our friends in *Soperlane*.
Let come sweet Couzen, I will pledge them all.
But Iesu Christ! what is become of *lane*?
Oh, she is gone to dwell by *London-Wall*:
Good God (insooth) I neuer was more merry,
Then when we both did dwell in *Bucklers-berry*.

widdow.

wife.

widdow

Wife.

widdow.

A3.

No

Tis merry vwhen

Now heauenly Christ, how pleasant we haue bin,
But yet one time we had a cruell stirre,
A Drapers man and she were mighty in.

Wife.

Widdow.

I pra'y, whats she with him, or he with her?
Fayth both in loue: Well, *lane's* an honest Mayds;
But Lord the pranks that we mad V Venches playd.

My Mistresse got my Maister to consent
One Midsommer, shee being very ill,
To leauc the Citty, and go lye in *Kent*,
By which good hap, we had the house at will:

Wife.

There *Roger, lane*, and I, met euery night?
Heere *Besse*: good Brother fil's a quart of V White.

Widdow.

No Musique in the Euening we did lacke,
Such dauncing Cossen you would hardly thinke it?
Whole pottles of the daintiest burned Sack,
T'would do a wench good at the heart to drinke it:
Such store of tickling Galliands, I do vow,
Not an old Dance, but *Iohn come kisse me now*.

And let them talke, and praise the marriage life
To be so full of pleasure as they say
I that haue liu'd both Widdow, Maide, and Wife,
And try'd all pleasures euery kind of way,
Know what to do, and will maintaine this still,
That of the three, Maides haue the world at will.

Esaie

Gossips meete.

Efayth they haue and haue not ? for you know,
(Put to the doore, heere's none but friendes you see)
They say, Loue creepeth where it cannot go:
Maids must be married, least they mar'd should bee:
I will be sworne, before I saw fiftene,
I wisht that I my wedding day had seene.

wife.

Tush tittle tattle: *Besse*, it must be done.
My Coussen thinkes not as her words import,
I could not for a world haue liu'd a Nunne:
Oh, flesh is fraile, we are a sinfull sort,
I know that beautilous wenches are inclinde
To harbour handsome men within their minde.

Coussen, you meane because a Mayd is free,
Hauing no head to keepe her body vnder,
She liues a life not bound so much as we:
The Iest is simple, and it makes me wonder,
That you which haue with *Venus* sports bin fed,
Should put such errors in a Maydens head.

Nay, but I pray you vnderstand my reason,
The youthfull fauours that they do attaine,
For this you know, that all the wooing season,
Sutors with Gifts continuall seeke to gaine
Their Mistresse loue, to ioyne with their affection,
With words and Liues, humbled in subiection.

Widdow.

Tis merry vwhen

Wife.

Tha'ts very true, the bounty of their loues,
Are lib'rall still with many a kind respect?

In conscience I had twenty paire of Gloues

When I was Maide, giuen to that effect:

Garters, Kniues, Purfes, Girdles, store of Rings,
And many a hundred dainty pretty things.

Widdow.

Well Cozen well, those daies in date be past.

Wife.

Tis very true, with vs that world doth change,

Heere stands a cup of V Vine, pray who dranke last?

Widdow.

V Why that did I, to Bessie: Lord, Maids be strange:

They looke for thousand words of Sweet, and Pray,
And take few things, to which they say not nay.

Mayd.

T'is Maidens modesty to vse deniall,

A willing offer commeth twice or thrice,

Widdow.

But heere's a cup of Wine doth stand for triall,

Your Maiden-ship takes liquor in too nice:

Pray mend your fault kind Bessie, wee'l none of that,

V Vine and Virginity kept stale, drinke flat,

Mayd.

You are to blame, in truth, we drinke like men,

Now by my truely I am euen ashamed.

Widdow.

Tut, wench, God knowes when we shall meet again;

Nor need we feare of husbands to be blamed:

Our sent of wine shall not by them be felt,

The married wife in kissing will be smelt.

Oh

Gossips meete.

Oh Couz, if that be all the worst, I care not,
Ile take allowance euen with the best:
This Cup to you, you shall not say, I dare not:
My husband smell? Oh Iesu! there's a iest,
I care as little for my husbands smelling,
As any wench this houre in London dwelling.

Wife.

T'is well you need not, sure I take him kinde.
As kind a man as woman need to lye with.
Would I as well were fitted to my minde,
A louing man who would not liue and die with.
My husband did to other Loues incline,
Nay mine is constante by this cup of Wine.

Widdow.

wife.

Mayde.

widdow.

wife.

Now Christ, how *Wines* and *Widdowes* take occasions
T'inlarge their husbands credit, or dispraise:
Some harbour ielous thoughts, some kind perswasions:
In some match men, in some the woman straies:
And when they meet, they so discourse and scan
About whose choyce hath got the kindest man.

Mayde.

Alas (good *Besse*) thou speak'st thou know'st not what,
Thy iudgment is not worth a Walnut-shell:
There's an old grane proverbe tel's vs, that
Such as dye Maydes, do all lead Apes in Hell?
I rather whiles I liue, would yearly marry,
Then waighting-maide on such preferment tarry.

wife.

B.

That

'Tis merry vvhhen

Mayde. That Prouerbes prooffe can do you little stead,
But married Wives oft giues, and takes such claps,
Taurus forules and guides their husbands head,
That euery night they sleepe in Horn-worke caps.
I pray what Prouerbe is it that allowes
The Duels picture on your Husbands browes

viddow. Enough you wrangling Wenches, fie for shame,
Take me in drinke, leaue out your disputation:
Pray Brother fill a Pinte more of the same.

vvife. Coussen, belike you meane to drinke in fashion,
We shall be trim'd, and haue our wits refinde,
Esaith we shall, if you may haue your minde.

vviddow. Now to your Husband Couffe, this full carouse,
vvife. In truth I pledge you, and I thanke you truely:
To all our friends *Besse* at your Mothers house.

Mayd. Thankes gentle Mistris *Grace*, I dranke but newly.
vvife. Besbrew my heart, this wine is not the worst.
Viddow. Good-faith me thinkes tis better then the first.

vvife. But Coussen, pre'thee art not yet towarde marriage?
Viddow. Truely I am, and am not, as it standes:
A Gentleman of passing gallant carr'age,
Doth ply me hard; one that has prettie Lands:
Handsome man neuer in shoo did tread,
By this good drinke, a kinder ne're broke bread.

To

Jolsips meete.

To try his loue, sometimes I faigne me sicke,
And (by this Candle) he will sit and weepe.
Now by my troth, that's ene my Good-mans tricke, *Wife.*
Let me complaine; Christ what a coyle hee'le keepe:
Asking what ayles my sweet-heart, tell me Honny,
My Loue, my Doue, my Lambe, my pretty Conny?

See see, how say: But sirra Coussen, than *Widdow.*
I force a sigh, with halfe a dozen grones;
This comes (sayes he) to lye without a man.
My Husband sayes, kind Loue, thou breedst yong bones. *Wife.*
Well *Iohn* (say I) you iest to see my paine,
Then (by this Wine) the foole will weepe againe.

Couffe, you are happy you haue such a one. *Widdow.*
Make much of him, a Iewell Wench thou hast:
But I had one would let me grunt and grone,
The veriest Clowne; but well, tis gone and past,
If he had liu'd Coussen, I doe protest,
I would haue done a thing: well, let that rest.

He neuer trust a Red-hair'd man againe,
If I should liue a hundred yeares, that's flat:
His urne cannot be seru'd with one or twaine;
And how can any woman suffer that?
I know tis better to take wrong, then doe it,
But yet in such a case flesh leads vs to it.

Mayde.

Why, is a red-hair'd man so bad of life?

What say you to a yellow flaxen haire?

viddow.

Not one among a hundred true t^his wife,

That constant loyall-harted thoughts doth beare:

They loue, but how? as did the Youth of Greece,

From euery Wench to gaine a Golden Fleece.

And they whose mindes haue this corrupt infection,

(Because I would haue *Besse* to take good heede,) *Besse*

Are such as are cal'd *Sanguine* of complexion,

I prethee Girle, let no such Suter speede:

I speake it by experience and good triall,

Of all haire-cullours, giue that haire deniall.

A *Nat-browne* colour, or an *Aburne* either,

May both do well, and are to be alow'd:

A *Waxen* colour hath no great fault neither:

But for a ragged chin I firme haue vow'd,

It shall by me perpetuall be abhord,

And with my heeles I scorne it by the Lord.

A man whose beard scemes scar'd with Sprites t^hhaue bin,

That wants the worthiest grace, length, bredth & thick-

And hath no defference twixt his nose and chin, (nes,

But all his haires haue got the falling sicknes,

Whose fore-front lookes like Iack-an-Apes behind,

She that can loue him, beares a scuruy minde.

Golsips meete.

I pray, what say you to my Husband then?
The rar'it Comple&tion that you can deuise,
The Golden sentence prooues Blacke-bearded men,
Are precious Pearles in beaurious womens eyes:
Their loyall heartes none iustly can controule,
I loue a blacke man Couzen, with my soule.

Wife.

Widaow.

Let *Besse* note this? for when I was a Maide,
and to the loue of men began to bow,
I gaue great eare to that which women said,
VVhen they were merry met, as we are now:
Yea and my mother did perswade me too,
VVench (would she say) note what your Elders doo.

Wife.

That lesson without Booke was straight mine owne,
She need not to repeate it ouer twice,
I quickly smelt what t'was to liue alone,
VVhat to be kind in loue, what to be nice:
Anan, anan, what i't (forsooth) you lacke?
Sauceages Brother, and a pint of Sacke.

Vintner.

Widdow.

No more in sadnesse, now t'is time to part,
In conscience it is fixe a clocke at least,
VVe'le haue a reckoning after t'other quart.
They say enough's as good as any feast:
In deed my VVench, enough's a feast, that's right,
But we want that, which lye alone all night.

Mayde.

Widdow.

Mayd.

Widdow.

'Tis merry vvnen

- Wife.* You both may mende that matter when you will,
Whose fault i't but your owne you do not marrie?
God made not *Besse* to liue a Mayden still,
Mayd. Faith t'is my Mothers counsell that I tarrie.
She alwayes sayes, when youngmen comes a woing,
Stay daughter stay, you must not yet be doing.
- Widdow.* Now in good faith your mother is too blame,
To wish so womanly a wench to stay?
She knowes fifteene, may Husbands iustly claime.
Mayd. Fifteene, why I was that last Lady-day:
You are deceiu'd for I am no such youth,
I am sixteene when next March comes, in truth.
- Widdow.* Beforew my heart but thats a goodly time,
I would to Christ that I could say so too,
I would not linger out my youthfull prime,
Nor stand and aske my Mother what to doo,
No, I could tell i trow, as well as she,
Toward Batchelours, how Maidens ought to be.
- Mayde.* I, I know something too: but what of that?
Our Parents willes you know must bee obey'd.
Wife. Well, say they must; yet shall I tell you what
A Scoller told me when I was a Mayd,
Of Marriage knot, they haue no power to breake it,
Now by this Sacke, a Learned man did speake it.

T'was

Gossips meete.

T'was nothing but sound truth which he did tell,
For husbands, we our parents must forsake.
Were this wine burn'd Coussen, it would do well,
Faith I was thinking on it when you spake?
My Mother sayes burnt Sacke is good at night,
A'my word *Besse*; your Mother's in the right.

Widdow.

Wife.
Mayde.

Wife.

Brother, I prethee let this wine be burn'd,
And see (good youth) the Sauceages be ready:
To one good meaning our three mindes be turn'd,
When Sacke is sugered t'will not be so heady,
We drinke so much, my cheeks are palsing warme,
Sweete *Elzabeth*, good wine can do no harme.

Widdow.

Mayde.
Wife.

Yet trust me, Coussen, when I was a Girle,
For Tauerne no young-man could get me to it,
Neither for Loue, Gold, precious Stones, or pearle:
My tongue deny'd, when heart inclin'd to do it:
For (by my faith) I euer lou'd good Wine,
But oft refram'd, I was so Mayden fine:

VVell, wor you *Besse* to whom Ile drinke to now?
Sure as I liue, vnto your Sister *Sisse*,
And to the Youth that did the angell bow,
And sent it for a token: truth halfe this:
He loues you both, vpon my word he doth,
Resoule it, or you wrong him *Besse*, in soth.

Widdow.

I is merry vwhen

Mayd. His loue to mee I little do regard,
Perhaps my Sister doth respect it more.

VViddow. Then *Elisabeth*, in truth you vse him hard.

Mayde. How hard? he had his answer long before,
I will not loue him what so ere befall,
Ile haue a handsome man or none at all.

VViddow. Go to, go to, his riches doth excell,

Mayde. A Figge for wealth, tis Person I affect.

VViddow. You are a foole, he will maintaine you well.

Mayde. I tell you, I a proper man respect:

De'e thinke that I with such a Dwarfie will store me,
That shall disgrace me as he goes before me.

Ile haue a comely man from head to foote,

In whose neate limbes no blemish can be spide:

VVhose legges shall grace his Stocking or his Boote,

And weare his Rapier manly by his side:

VVith such a one my humour doth agree,

He shall be welcome to my bed and mee.

Wife. Besse, and th'art wife, hold that opinion still,

For were I to begin the world to morrow,

In such a choice, I would my minde fulfill:

And so I drinke to thee: come on, hang sorrow:

VVench, let it be thy rule at any hand,

To make thy choyce euen as thy mind doth stand.

Many

Gossips meete.

Many do match (as true as this is wine)
V Vith some Duncce, Clowne, or Gul, they care not who,
For no cause but to be mainetained fine,
And haue their wills in what they please to do:
V Vhen their hearts loues as much in other things,
As there is vertue in mine Apron-stringes.

Faith tis too true: Fough, what a filthy smell?
As sure as death I am ene like to choake.
Mee thinkes I feele my selte not very well.
Now out vpon't it is Tobacco smoake:
Knocke Cousen knocke, heere is a filthy smother,
For Gods loue quick: some Iuniper sweet Brother.

There cannot be a more detested stinke:
And yet you see how daintie many makes it.
As true as this is wine that I doe drinke,
I would not for a Crowne kisse one that takes it.
My Husband is so kind an honest man,
That heele touch none, if I say, do not *lan*.

His commendations certaine is the more,
With one an other we are bound to beare,
He beares with you, fauour you him therefore.
Surely I do, as both of you shall heare:
T'is death to him, to smell but a Goose-pye,
And therefore Goose-flesh neuer do I buy.

C.

That's

Tis merry vwhen

viddow.

That's a strange matter sure; I loue a Goose,
But for a Wood-cocke I did neuer care,

Wife.

When I eat Pigge it makes my body loose,

Mayd.

I loue a tender Rabber, or a Hare,

A Turkey pie, or Pigion for a need:

But on grosse Butchers flesh I cannot feed.

wife.

Coussen, when I lay in of my first Boy,

Lord how I long'd to eate a partridge winge,

And when it came my stomacke had no ioy,

But all my minde was of another thing: (buy.

Thou shalt lacke nought (quoth *John*) that gold will

Why then (sweet heart) lets haue a Cherry-pye.

If *London* yeeld it (*Loue*) thou shalt not lacke,

So kind, me thinkes I heare him still repeat it:

But hasting downe the staires, I cald him backe;

Tis full of stones (quoth I) I cannot eat it:

With that he kist me, and began to weepe,

And I being somewhat heauy fell asleepe.

But then I fell into the strangest dreame

Of fire and water, that you euer heard:

And I was troubled Couffe the most extreame

With one all night, that had a yellow beard:

And with a Cocke had neither spurres nor combe

And with the little Bitch you haue at home.

Why

Gossips meete.

Why surely now you talke of dreames in sadnesse,
I dream't last night two Cattes did leape and skip,
Playing together with great sport and gladnesse,
Vntill one came to part them with a whip:
I laughed that my heart did ake there at,
To see the foolish fellow whip the Cat.

Widdow.

A pretty iest: But *Besse* to whom de'e drinke?
I spy a fault, you do your selfe forget:
The Wine stands waiting in the cup me thinke,
Prethee my Wench, lets haue our lips kept wet.
I pledge thee my Girle: nay sweet now drinke it vp,
A *Gossips* round, that's euery one a Cup.

Wife.

Musicians comes in.

Couffen, heer's Fiddlers, let vs heare a Song:
But looke my friendes it be a pleasing thing.
I am afrayd then wee shall stay too long.
No, no, I warrant: come on, quickly sing.
Let it touch men I pray, in any case:
This Youth (mee thinkes) will doe it with a grace.

Widdow.

Mayde.

Wid

W

The Songe.

What's a Womans chiefe delight?
To giue Man his heartes content,
How doth hee the same requite?
Loue her till the sport be spent.
You that doubt it, doe but try,
Men will flatter, cogge, and lye!

C 2.

Wid

Tis merry vwhen

With bewitching words they sue,
Vowing constant fayth and loue;
Woemen thinke their oaths be true,
Till (poore Soules) they trie and prooue,
Then they finde, when helpe is past,
For a night their loue doth last.

Their owne Stories tell their liues,
How vnconstant they haue delt,
Honest Widdowes, Maides, and Wiues,
Haue their double dealings felt:
All will say that are not blind
Men are false, and Woemen kinde.

When they vow, trust not their swearing,
When they smile, thinke they will frowne;
Giue their flattering but the hearing,
If they can, thei'le put you downe:
Since they seeke your overthrow,
Keepe them from the thing, you know.

For to be in great request,
Make your loue exceeding strange,
Try good earnest, out in iest,
Deale with Flatterers by chaunge;
As they come, so let them passe,
Turne dissemblers out to Grasse.

FINIS.

Now

Gossips meete.

Now God-americy Boy, this song is true,
I prethee drinke, tis good to mend thy voice.

Widdow.

Hast thou not such an other that is new?

Wife.

Yes, I haue one is cald, *The Maides bad choyce:*

Boye.

Pen'd by a Mayd her selfe, whose constant truth

V Was lately wronged by a Marchants Youth.

Widdow. Sing it prethee.

The Song.

YOU *London* Maides, giue care to me,
that am in loue, your owne,
And borne within the Citty walles,
well Friended, and well knowne.

My selfe I will not seeme to praise,
it were a note of pride,
What beauty there is in my Face,
or comely Limbes, beside.

My ready witte, and quick conceipt,
to breake a nimble iest;
And all good partes, and qualities,
I meane to let them rest.

The

Tis merry vwhen

The Art I haue in Needle worke,
Imbrod'ry ritch in Gold:
With Lace and Stich, and euery thing
That may or can be told.

For Dauncing, and my skill in Songe,
I must, and will be mute:
My playing on the Virginals,
And tickling of the Lute.

He burie all mine owne good partes,
And of a Youth will speake,
Whose most vnkind bad qualities,
Doth make my heart to breake.

How hee is cald, I will conceale,
and not reueale the same;
Because He leaue him like a Jew,
without a Christian name.

Hee plide mee long, as futers doe,
(I meane these subtile men)
And wee had often meetings too,
It skills not where, and when,

Gossips meete.

Hee vow'd hee lou'd mee constantly,
farre deater then his life,
And would himselfe, destroy himselfe,
except I were his Wife.

I being, (as poore wenches be,)
most kind, where loue doth sting:
Consented too, (I shame to tell :)
and let him do the thing.

This done, which cannot be vndone,
(tis now fixe months too late :)
I am turnd off, my Youth hath got
an other louing Mate.

One that hath neither witte, nor wealth,
beautie, nor comely graces;
One that is Kitchin-stuffe to mee,
her stocke is kuowen so base.

Fie, who would trust this wicked world;
Maydens take heede, be wise,
I am not VViddow, VVife, nor Mayde,
but of an other size.

FINIS.

I is merry vwhen

Mayd. I like this Song exceeding well indeede,
Heer's fixe pence toward the musicke with my heart.
Wife. Besse, t's good warning wench for you; take heed,
Mayde. He see him han'gd would play mee such a part:
Hee that should come and offer but to feele,
I would en'e scorne that fellow with my heele.

widdow. VVell, go-too Couffe, goe forward with the rest.
Wife. VVhat rest I pray? I know not what you meane.
Widdow. No, why of her that is your neighbours guest?
Wife. T's true, t's true; my gallant filken Queane:
I had forgot the talke I was about,
The Fiddlers comming in, cleane put me out.

VVhy, shee for-sooth (an't please you) is so fine,
Shee neuer drinks, vlesse shee dine or sup,
And then shee hath her peunie pot of wine.
Marry and gip, some body take her vp:
Some Doctors wench a'my word for her skill,
That takes in Diet by the Dram and Pill.

My Husband doth allow mee, Ile be sworne,
A pint a meale, as true as wee sit heere:
I tell you (as my friends) I would ene scorne,
To dine or suppe without it in a yeare:
Hee knowes (efayth) to please mee in my diet,
Or for a month I shall be out of quiet.

Then

Golsips m

Some simple Foole, (all manners fo
Comes on mee with the French salu.
And sayes, Sweete, mend your draфт, you
In troth you shew your selfe too Mayde
Drinke better Lady, at my kind reque
I say (sweete Sir) I can no wine digest.

Marry wee'le beare you witnesse when ye
Ile take my oath on twenty Table-bookes,
The last full Cup hath made you mighty ill:
Some *Rosa-solis*: see how pale shee lookes,
An other pint of that she tasted last,
To breake winde with, and then the worst is past.

Good (e'fayth) good, my Couffe is in the vaine,
Ile match for it Wench, I hold a Crowne:
Fill none, vnlesse you'le drinke about againe.
Content say I, you shall not put me downe:
How say'st thou *Besse*, shall it be so
If I make one, pray God my Gi

Talke not so loud, what will fo
The very Vintners Boy laugh
Had I seene that, I would haue
VVhy maister Boy, wee'le pay
Base Groome, I say, although
Know smooth fac'd Knaue, I a

D2.

erry vvhhen

es my Cousen be so hot?
a know Boyes sawcy be,
rgiuen, nor forgot:
ues (you flaue) by such as wee:
K'ning; let's know what's to pay;
I scorne a minute more to stay.

y; is it your Maisters minde,
Boy should flout guests when they drinke?
s will is for to vse you kind,
th him more my friend, then he doth thinke:
at is thy name? *Vint.* Forsooth my name is *Will.*
hat country-man? *Vint.* Forsooth at Fish-street hill,

I am, wee come not neere to be abused,
re are more Tauernes besides your's in towne:
ee can goe where wee might be curteous vsed.
forsooth, my fellow's but a Clowne:
some credit where wee dwell:
s should vse their betters well.

vere but your owne,
are at this season,
where you are vnknowne,
Vint. By my sayth no reason.
It like a youth of sense,
is a great offence.

And

Gossips me

And *William*, I would haue you vnderstand,
Wee'le pay your Maister for the Wine we haue.
O Lord forsooth, as sure as in my hand,
William, we come not to intreate or craue:
We met together *William*, at your doore,
And entred for a Pint, which fals out more,

William, we will not be beholding (see yee)
Vnto your Maister more then to an other:
T'is for good Wine and welcome, we come to yee,
Or farewell *William*, and you were my Brother:
And therefore *William*, this abuse we scorne,
For we are London Gentle-women borne.

Why *William* know, heer's neither Cisse nor Kate.
No, so God helpe me, I do see you are not.
Thinkes sawce your fellow, wee vse Parrers prate,
William, our talke is honest, and we care not
If all the Parish were in place to heare it,
No by this Cup. (*Vint.*) I faith you need not sweare it

Forsooth, I trust your Wine was very good;
William, I graunt the Wine was not amisse,
But that base Boy hath vexed me to the blood:
A Man, *William*, would nere haue offer'd this;
The Proverbe sayes, t'is manners that doth make,
William, giue Guests good words for manners sake.

Wi

erry vwhen

VWilliam, when camst thou in this House to dwell?
Forsooth about three yeeres ago, last May.

VWilliam, serue God, and please thy Maister well,
I will be thine owne *William*, an other day:
Your Maister's married *William*, is he not?

mer.

Yes forsooth, yes; a Mistresse I haue got.

now. *VWilliam*, your Maister hath no Children by her?

mer. No forsooth, but I thinke she bee with Child,
To haue a Boy she hath a great desire.

now. So would not I (*VWilliam*) for Boyes be wilde,
Though Girllies cry (*William*) till they be bepist,
William, giue me a Girle, take Boyes who list.

Cousen you doe forget your selfe, mee-thinke,
When *Besse* and I come home, wee shall be chid.
Pray fill the Cup to *VWilliam*, let him drinke.
In truth forsooth t'is the last thing I did.

Good *VWilliam* drinke, I pree thee *William* doo.
Forsooth I pledge you, and I thanke yee too.

William, let's know to pay, and there's an end?

Marry forsooth, three Shillings and a Penny.

VWilliam, iay downe their Mony, none shall spend:

Cousen, and *Besse*, pray'e do not offer any:

Harke, Bow-bell ringes: before the Lord tis late:

VWilliam, good night, pree thee take vp thy Plate.

FINIS.

S. R.

